

Danny Deever

From Barrack-Room Ballads by Rudyard Kipling

Lyrics: Rudyard Kipling, Arr. (c)Toby Darling 2013

1

What

Am Em F C Am Em F C/G Am

This system contains measures 1 through 4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 4/4. Measure 4 ends with the word 'What'.

5

are the bugles blowin' for? said files - on - parade To turn you out to turn you out the Colour Sergeant said What

Am Em F C Am Em F Am

This system contains measures 5 through 8. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. Measure 8 ends with the word 'What'.

9

makes you look so white so white said Files - on- Parade I'm deadin' what I've got to watch the Colour Seageant said For They're

C G F Am C G F Am

This system contains measures 9 through 12. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. Measure 12 ends with the word 'They're'.

13

hangin' Danny Deever you can hear the dead march play The Regiment's in 'ollow square they're hangin' him today They've

Dm E7 Am D C G F G E7

This system contains measures 13 through 16. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. Measure 16 ends with the word 'They've'.

17

taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away 'an they're hanin' Danny Deever in the mornin'

C G Am D C G Am

This system contains measures 17 through 20. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. Measure 20 ends with the word 'mornin'.



"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard? " said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down? " said Files-on-Parade.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,

They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;

An' e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound

O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

" 'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.

" 'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.

" 'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,

For 'e shot a comrade sleepin' - you must look 'im in the face;

Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the Regiment's disgrace,

While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun? " said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over'ead? " said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play

The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;

Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer to-day,

After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.